

## The Mighty Fall

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## The Mighty Fall

by [isntitcrazy](#)

### Summary

At the promise of a way to stay in the game, George seemed interested. He quirked an eyebrow, curious, looking to Dream as he messed with the cards between his hands.

“An alternative?” he prodded.

With a nonchalant shrug, Dream laid all his figurative cards out on the table.  
“You can bet your clothes.”

George has never been the best at poker. Dream makes his losses interesting.

### Notes

HELLOOO i haven't posted in almost a month but i am HERE NOW !!

the (maybe) long-awaited strip poker fic :D i wrote this for hitting 10k followers on twitter (which is still insane by the way what the fuck) in spirit, this fic is gifted to all of you :) so here is oh my god so many thousands of words of dnf strip poker (+ sapnap (he doesn't take his clothes off tho sorry))

thank you so much to [millie](#) for betaing this fic <3 check them out on [twitter](#) as well they are very cool :D

i hope you enjoy !! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chips were laid in three places on the dining room table.

One pile, in front of Dream. Another, in front of Sapnap. The third, in front of George. Space for a fourth lay at the center, waiting for mindless bets, but for the time being, all eyes were on Dream—cards flitted against his hands with routine motion, a button branded by the word *Dealer* sitting beside his neatly organized pile of chips.

Calm as ever, Dream re-shuffled the deck of cards for another round. Perhaps he thrived off the attention—two sets of eyes caught on his hands, on the way cut paper slid against his fingers, on the soft sound that rang out as cards knocked against each other with a practiced ease—not a word to be spoken by anyone at the table.

It was only poker night. Something not-so organized but not-so effortless, either, just another Friday with a sky full of stars and a table set up for gambling. Dream had played a thousand times before, Sapnap even more than, but George had only just learned the rules when he moved in four months ago.

But on poker night, money was lost. Not a lot, but, suffice to say, all three of them had a little bit too much money to play with—why not bet some of it on a harmless card game? It was only going between the three of them, so, in technicality, there wasn't much to lose.

All it did was give the game some well-preferred stakes; betting with nickels and dimes instead of poker chips had gotten old long before George moved to Florida.

So on that Friday night, Dream shuffled cards with intent. They curved against his palms as they fell down out of place, knocking against the table in a stack of 52, harsh enough to make a sound. When Dream looked up, challenging, he barely caught the way George winced.

“You're almost out of chips, Georgie,” he taunted, knocking the edge of the deck of cards against the table again just to hear that tantalizing sound.

And George looked down, sharp and quick, a curl to his features like he didn't already know. It was obvious to anyone who bothered to look that George was losing—and quite terribly, too—but he was yet to win a game of poker between them at all. While he'd win a hand or two, none of it was quite enough to pull him through to the end; he'd blame it on his poor luck and clumsiness when it came to card games, to which Dream would laugh and tell him he just needed more practice.

The promise of *practice makes perfect* was probably the only thing keeping George as a participant in their occasional poker nights—George hated losing.

“Is the dealer meant to taunt the players?” George quipped back, laying a protective hand over his waning pile of chips. “Just deal the cards, I'm feeling lucky.”

Dream scoffed, a hiss cut through his teeth. With the shake of his head, he pushed the cards into his palm with a harsher edge, feeling the knock of fine-edged paper against his skin. Absent-mindedly, he dropped the cards into themselves with newfound order, mixing them all up further

along the curve of his palm.

“That’s what they all say,” he muttered, directionless yet warning, and he waited for the soft shake of George’s head that was only enough to tousle his hair.

Leaning against the edge of the table, Dream dealt the three of them two cards each, landing face down in front of their chips. George was still halfway to hiding his, sliding his two cards closer to himself with curious fingers, while Sapnap merely watched his fall.

Dream set the newly incomplete deck of cards down on the table at his side. Before he looked at his hole cards, he nodded towards George, who existed with feigned confidence.

“You’re the small blind,” Dream admonished, tapping his fingers gently against the table.

George blinked. “Oh,” he muttered. “Right.”

Subsequently, George slid one of his chips to the center of the table.

Chips laid in four places on the dining room table. Silently, Sapnap added two of his own to the center pile, supplying the *big blind*. It left the three of them to look at their starting hands in peace, stable faces across the board when they refused to let each other assume.

Dream still chose to watch George in false calculation, setting his own two cards back down on the table once he had them memorized.

King and four of spades. Decent enough to bet on, especially when he didn’t have much to lose.

As three sets of eyes lifted from dealt cards, Dream called, sliding two of his own chips to the center of the table without a word. Following the natural progression of things, attention turned to George, who still sat with his cards in his hand but not a single hint of emotion left standing on his face.

Dream *tap-tapped* his fingertips against the flat of the table. George hovered his cards protectively in front of his pile of chips.

“One more to stay in,” Sapnap urged, and Dream watched with interest as the realization settled back to his friend’s face.

With the shift of two cards, he noticed that George only had seven chips left. Even still, he knocked one into the center, effectively ending the first round of betting without a raise.

So Dream dealt the flop.

Three cards face-up at the center of the table, sitting right alongside the betting pool. All three of them watched attentively as the cards were laid down one after another—first, the queen of spades.

Dream swallowed his wish for a flush. But he kept dealing slow on purpose, drunk off the anticipation in Sapnap’s eyes and the way George’s bottom lip seemed to slip between his teeth. He tried to keep his own face still, per the bluff of the game, listening to the soft hum of their radiator and the gentle flick of cards against hardwood.

Second, the eight of clubs.

That didn’t do much of anything for Dream. Despite knowing how little would show on his opponent’s face, he still surveyed the expressions around the table, and he found two sets of quick

eyes and flat lips doing the exact same thing as him.

Finally, the eight of hearts.

It made a pair. Dream thought back to his own starting hand, and how he only needed one more spade card in the center to make a flush. He had no plans to fold, and he almost never did; folding was no fun when playing poker with friends, as it meant you were out of the round, and Dream was never one to enjoy spectating.

And he was the first to bet.

“Raise,” he asserted, sliding another one of his chips to the center.

A moment of tense silence settled at the table. Dream watched the way George thought, not even a hint of calculation on his pale face, fingers toying with the chips in front of him until he eventually knocked one more into the center.

Sapnap called, too. Dream dealt the turn.

A fourth card to meet the other three at the center of the table. For this round, the ace of hearts, something that, again, did absolutely nothing for Dream. He couldn’t know what it did for anyone else, so he waited, patience distilled through the tense air around the table as they all watched each other.

All three of them had one pair, that was sure. And one pair could open the avenue for a two pair or a full house with ease. While Dream had run out of hope for a flush, he could still bet on a second pair and hope to god that neither Sapnap nor George had the right cards in their hand to get a full house.

So he could hedge his bets on the final card, or he could fold.

Folding was no fun, but his confidence wasn’t soaring, either.

“Check,” he muttered, keeping all his chips to himself.

After a mere moment’s silence, George rapped his knuckles against the edge of the table. *Check.*

Silent, Sapnap did the same.

With nine chips still sitting at the center of the table, Dream dealt the final card: the river.

King of clubs.

Dream suppressed a diamond-edged smirk, knowing he held a half-decent hand. He had two pairs: the eights on the table, and the king from his hand. It was nothing but reckless desire that kept him thinking it would be good enough, and he was betting first.

“Raise,” he decided, but it was only enough confidence to add one more chip to the pile.

He looked at George, waiting for him to match it. Or maybe he’d fold. From what Dream knew of George’s playing, it could go either way—even if he wasn’t too confident, he could still keep himself in the game, too competitive to give up on the final round of betting and finding himself to be in too deep.

It was true that Dream had tried to learn the way George played poker. He’d done the same with Sapnap, and perhaps he found his friend difficult to read in that regard, but he tried anyway. When

playing the same game with the same people every time, it was important to learn the way they played for moments like this: when Dream could guess what his opponents were going to do next, when he could read them without the need for expressions or telling body language.

There was only one move that Dream didn't predict.

"All in."

And it was the one that George made.

He pushed his last six chips into the center of the table, laying his hole cards flat and face-down in front of him. And, as if he hadn't just bet the last of his money on the round, he looked toward Sapnap with an expectant glint to his eyes.

"Someone's confident," Sapnap huffed, a laugh brimming on his lips, and he pushed six of his own chips to the betting pool without making much of a show about it.

George only shrugged. "I like taking chances."

Dream laughed at that, too. More of a hissing chuckle, splayed out between his teeth, painting the gaps between ivory with roulette's black and red. And he slid five of his own chips into the center to make up for what George had added, totaling twenty-seven chips in the betting pool—all for one lucky winner.

They all showed their starting hands at the same time, cards falling against the table face-up for all eyes to see. Dream looked to George first, finding he held two sevens—one diamonds and one spades—making his hand a two pair, like Dream's. But Dream held kings to George's sevens, so his hand ranked higher still.

"Two pair," George asserted, stoic by nature, though Dream would admit to searching his dark eyes for any semblance of emotion. "Sevens and eights."

"Two pair," Dream echoed, speaking of his own hand. "Kings and eights."

George had lost. And Dream wasn't sure when exactly that realization took him over completely, a poker face still left on his features when he looked between all six hole cards spread out on the table.

Sapnap held an eight of diamonds and a four of hearts. "Three of a kind," he said, prideful for all the right reasons. "Eights."

Dream looked at him and his smug grin, a shrug to his shoulders that accepted defeat. "Sapnap wins," he declared, obvious and relenting.

"Hell yeah!" Sapnap exclaimed, sweeping all the chips from the center back into his own pot.

They were a mess in front of him, not organized into neat little stacks of five like Dream's were. Even still, just by glance alone, the two of them looked to be about even in terms of their holdings.

George, however, was not so lucky. He huffed, displeased. "I'm out of chips."

While he wasn't constrained to the expressionless nature of a round, Dream let a smirk cross his face. It was aimed at George and his unhappy look, dark eyes glancing between the surplus of chips in Dream and Sapnap's possession and his more than obvious lack.

“Then you lose,” Sapnap argued. “Unless you want to buy back in, you’re out.”

He said it simply—the best way to say it. And he seemed to be counting his own mess of chips with flitting fingers and gathered piles, cocky and declaring to George, who only looked more sorry for himself.

He always had been a sore loser.

And he scoffed, shaking his head with the defiant cross of his arms. “I’m not buying back in.”

Dream could have expected that answer. Even if George had proven to be unpredictable with the moves that had led him to this point—the point of being a *loser*—he was no longer walking that fickle line of decision-making.

Sapnap offered a shrug, attention better focused on counting his recently increased collection of chips. Dream moved to collect all the cards left on the table, gathering them all back into a deck of 52, which he sat comfortably in the lines of his palm.

“Well,” he started, half-distracted, “I can offer an alternative.”

At the promise of a way to stay in the game, George seemed interested. He quirked an eyebrow, curious, looking to Dream as he messed with the cards between his hands.

“An alternative?” he prodded.

With a nonchalant shrug, Dream laid all his figurative cards out on the table. “You can bet your clothes.”

George sputtered for a moment. “My *clothes*?”

Sapnap gave Dream a strange glance as well. It was all squints and suspiciously turned lips to combat the smug edge to Dream’s expression, an ease to his existence that came as he leaned back into his chair.

“Yeah,” he answered, the cards in his hand hitting the table with a sharp sound. “To play, you bet with something you’re wearing. If you lose, you take it off.”

In an effort to preserve George’s pride, Dream neglected to say “*when you lose*.”

And George was left at a loss for words, a look of disbelief cast over his face. “You want to play strip poker?”

“It’s just an idea,” Dream defended, careful with the way he tongued his ease. “You can say no.”

They seemed to consider each other for a moment. Dream searched George’s expression for the hesitance he assumed to find, but he came up short, eyes empty besides a challenging smirk and a part to his lips that called in silence *win, win, win*.

Really, Dream should’ve known that George was never one to back down from a challenge. And for a man who loved to win with a hand full of cards stacked against him, he was almost always looking for an alternative.

Ever the dealer, Dream was only giving him what he asked for.

“Fine,” George huffed, not enough hesitance in his voice for it to feel like a surprise. “I’ll take off my hoodie if I lose the next hand.”

Dream grinned, victorious. He slid the small *Dealer* button over to George, plastic skidding across the table until it was caught beneath an outstretched finger. They each cast each other a tension-heavy glance, a challenge that wasn't quite sizing each other up; though they weren't content staying on the same level, either.

The deck of cards settled carefully against George's palms. When Dream felt eyes on him, he turned his attention to Sapnap, finding his friend sat with steepled hands and cold green eyes that harbored judgement.

He considered the blond's effortless nature, judgement waning thin around the edges. Dream stared back, brow raising, an action that could go unnoticed by the dealer across the table. The soft flit of cards scored their not-quite staring contest, to which Sapnap resigned himself the loser.

"You guys are weird," he muttered, and Dream didn't bother to argue.

With the shake of his sturdy head, Sapnap glanced back down at his mess of poker chips. They were everywhere, scattered and disorganized, but there were far too many to count by that point. Dream kept his eyes on him for a moment, a shaded aura of discomfort laying heavy over his shoulders, but he couldn't mind his presence for long.

He turned his attention back to George. And with a spark of discernable observance to sit behind his prying eyes, he watched George shuffle the cards, suits and numbers falling without the grace he'd presented before. They fell clumsy against his shortened palms, shuffled with a lack of precision typically held by a casino dealer.

But this was merely for fun, and the only man of judgement in that moment was Dream, watching an unbuilt house of cards collapse into painted Renaissance hands until the deck of 52 was mixed into itself.

George's eyes raised from the tight-held deck, muted benevolence dancing behind his gaze. A steady poker face was already taking hold of his features, hardened down to lines and steely eyes that hid nothing but red diamonds and black spades.

He dealt in silence.

Cards slid across the surface of the table, a starting hand skidding to a stop next to Dream's well-earned chips. He watched George place the rest of the deck down where his own chips should go, but the place for them sat empty, occupied by filthy-coded promise and the heat trapped between skin and soft fleece.

Before any of them so much as glanced at their cards, Sapnap pushed a lone chip into the center. Dream added two.

And he looked at his hole cards just as the others did. A five of diamonds and an ace of hearts stared up at him, promising without an edge of confidence.

Dream set his two cards back down on the table with a well-hidden expression. Wordlessly, both him and Sapnap looked at George, a man with no chips to play.

"Playing?" Dream asked, stoic with intent.

"Yeah," George answered, two fingers pinching the collar of his hoodie with a soft tug. "I bet this."

Sapnap added one more chip to the pile to match the bet. Dream tapped his knuckles against the table.

Silence filtered through the air, four chips and a promise in a pool at the center of the table. Set green eyes watched George, who sat with widening pupils, a sorry excuse for a poker face holding his hard-lined features without nuance or whisper.

“Dealer,” Dream sing-songed, bitter taunt flicking off the tip of his tongue.

It stained the space between his front teeth, whiddled and red-black. A startle ignited in George’s gaze, fingers twitching, and he reached for the cards on the table as Dream’s eyes regarded him.

“Oh, right,” he muttered, the exclamation more of an afterthought than anything.

Lithe fingers grappled for a hold on the cards, pulling three off the top to sit face-up at the center of the table. A seven of clubs, nine of diamonds, and jack of spades were shown, taunting Dream with their uselessness as the look of his own cards sparked between his ears.

George checked with the tap of his fingers, but Sapnap raised the bet by one. He said nothing, only moving a chip into the center, an act that Dream matched with all the same silence.

George bet nothing more; he had nothing more to bet.

The flop settled as an eight of clubs. With the fleeting tap of knuckles and wordless checks, the river came just as quickly: ten of hearts.

Dream had nothing. A pathetic, albeit ace-high hand no matter which three cards he added to his start. Even still, when Sapnap raised the bet by another chip, Dream didn’t fold, totaling their betting pool at eight chips and one gilded promise.

It was almost laughable how desperate Dream was to watch George lose. Though he always found his friend’s failure to be amusing, this was different, a racing heart to combat his quiet poker face and the wordlessness put on his lips. He *wanted* to watch George take his clothes off—as filthy and and wrong as it sounded—gaze searching for the spread of untouched skin hiding beneath tired fabric.

But it wasn’t like Dream could *make* George lose. Luck buzzed at the tips of his fingers, seven cards hiding a world of possibility behind their monochromatic roulette, patience shackling his wrists clenched as they all waited to show their hands.

George looked up at Dream, lashes flicking over his darkened eyes. Curiosity licked at his features, gentle and closed, palms hovering protectively over his two face-down cards.

“What happens if I win?” George asked, voice thrown in Dream’s direction.

Dream couldn’t help but tease. As if in spite of his waning confidence, a subpar hand pressed down against the table, he bluffed—feigned arrogance painted him the same carmine as sharp diamonds, spades embossed over the promise on his fingers and sticking with all the permanence of a lost bet.

“Oh, baby,” he started, a pet name falling from his tongue with the dirty headless ease held by the queen of hearts. “You’re not going to win.”

And George’s face turned dusty pink, not pitted harsh enough to match card suits or the edges of their poker chips. His bottom lip rolled between his teeth, withheld, though he didn’t shift his tongue with the worded intent to argue.

At Dream’s side, Sapnap scoffed, forgotten and stuck in the muck. Where a tension lay between Dream and George’s eyes, the spread of glossed wood tying them to Sapnap sat empty, though he



was still dragged along behind their twisted games; unwilling.

“He takes the pool and keeps his sweatshirt on,” Sapnap offered, factual in a stoic match to his well-trained poker face.

Dream shrugged, unaffected. “Sure.”

It sounded fair enough. Though he still didn’t think George would win—surely Sapnap held a better hand than he did—he’d entertain the idea without a faux confidence through and through, facade cracking at the edges when he dared to let it rupture.

The three of them considered each other for another waning moment. George looked hesitant in his confidence, a trail of cocksure defiance hidden beneath his dotted freckles. Dream had never seen him look so arrogantly flustered before, shades of pastel red and white crawling across his features.

It was as if none of them wanted to go first. Protective hands hovered over face-down cards, flickering gazes that threatened to split hardened poker faces in two with every lightning-fast move made.

Resigned, Dream showed his hand first. “Ace high.”

He laid his two cards out on the table. The pale arrogance on George’s face pitched deeper, cocky with a newfound ease; Dream assumed his hand to be better.

And when George laid out his four of hearts and four of diamonds, Dream found that his assumption was correct.

“Pair, fours,” George said, decisive, cards spread out across the table to prove it.

All eyes fell on Sapnap. Already a loser, Dream waited with fleeting composure for Sapnap to show his hand, hoping for anything better than a pair of fours. It wasn’t a tough hand to beat—though Dream couldn’t beat it—patience falling to the wayside when large hands moved.

“Pair of sevens,” Sapnap muttered, a seven of spades falling from his starting hand to fall alongside the clubs from the flop.

Dream nearly leapt out of his seat, but he withheld the buzzing excitement. He directed his attention to George, who was looking between all the cards on the table with a calculating expression. It was as if he was putting them against each other in his head, though the order was clear: Sapnap, George, Dream.

Runner-up or not, George was in the losing pot.

“So George loses!” Dream exclaimed, all but pointing fingers.

And George sputtered, face tinting darker with a shade that said he didn’t want to take his sweatshirt off just yet.

“No, *you* lose!” he argued, pointing at Dream with an accusatory finger.

At that, the blond scoffed, ready to argue, but he never got the chance. Sapnap split their little disagreement in two, a disapproving air to his voice when he spoke.

“You both lose,” he accused, cupping his hands to sweep the eight chips at the center of the table into his own pile. “And I win.”

George's mouth opened and shut without a steady rhythm, popping jaw the only constant ringing true between them. Dream watched on, amused, paying no mind to where Sapnap had resorted to sorting his mess of chips into piles of five.

"So I—" George started, but Dream was quick to interject.

"Lose the sweatshirt, Georgie."

A wicked smirk lived on his face, rufescent and corner-sharp. George stared at him, disbelief sizing up the soft gape to his mouth, a pastel carmine dust to his cheeks slipping closer and closer to heart-suit red with every passing second.

They all ticked by, steady and forever-moving. George seemed to watch it happen.

"But you lost," he argued, weak, reliability falling through the gaps between his fingers like granules of sand.

"And I'm out four chips," Dream said with a shrug, losses counted just as Sapnap counted chips. "Don't be a sore loser, now. You made the bet."

Huffing, George shifted forward. Dream couldn't hold the victorious glances back, watching George's hands disappear beneath the surface of the table, tugging his clothes up over his shoulders. The tight collar messed up his hair as it grazed past his head, brunet waves left unkempt in its wake.

A thin white t-shirt shifted against his chest, but it fell back into place as George discarded his hoodie to the floor between his feet. He looked up at Dream with a wordless exclamation of "*happy?*" as the victory held by dull green eyes increased tenfold.

"Aw," Dream pouted, hyperbolic, "you were wearing a shirt under that?"

Upon those words carrying through the tension-thick air, George glanced down at himself as if the shirt hanging from his shoulders would be a surprise. When he locked eyes with Dream again, he was frowning, displeasure somehow sticking with more permanence than the diamond blush on his cheeks.

"You know, I'm starting to think you just want me to take my clothes off."

It spilled past those bitten lips like a challenge, though the subtle quiver to George's voice said otherwise. Dream narrowed his eyes in retaliation for the heat he felt in his cheeks, sitting with the bitter taste of being *caught* haughty on his tongue.

Neither of them said anything for a moment. Chips clicked against themselves, scoring their sweet, heavy tension, and Dream's fingers twitched where they laid against each other on the table.

"Anyway, next round!" Sapnap said suddenly, a hue of desperacy running apparent through his tone. "Hand me the dealer button."

With a palm splayed out in George's direction, he requested the item, not reeling back until one of those slim ivory fingers flicked the aforementioned button across the table. It slid into Sapnap's pile of chips, plastic knocking against plastic; George's eyes never left Dream's face.

Sapnap stood up to collect all the cards from the table, starting his shuffle with the careful fall of cards into his hand. Dream stared at the dip in George's collar where his shirt had grown old and stretched out, the barest hints of his sharp collar bones on display beneath the thinning fabric.

Sweat clung to the dips in his clavicle with a shine beneath the dining room light. Dream watched, enthralled, though nothing about the freckles on George's skin moved.

"You guys ready?" Sarnap asked, hopeful, a neatly shuffled deck of 52 cradled in his palm.

Dream hadn't realized just how dead-set Sarnap was on playing poker. But Dream wanted to play, too, hands eager to bet until he had nothing left to take from himself.

"Sure," he muttered back, eyes leaving George's face to ring with stability as Sarnap dealt the hole cards.

Just because Dream and George were no longer at direct odds with each other didn't mean the tension had gone away. It still sat heavy in the air, flicking their eyelids by with the same calculated fall as cards shuffled between hands. Palpable, it lived between all of them, disrupting their steady poker faces with a loser's quiet intent.

Dream slid his starting hand closer to himself, flicking a single chip into the table's empty center to make the small blind. He looked to George—the supposed big blind—and his persistent lack of chips.

"Betting?" he asked, keeping the hope out of his tipping voice.

A poker player's stiffness made itself known through the rigid lines of his face. George blinked at him, slow, all the same emptiness.

"Blind?" he asked, clarifying, to which Dream simply nodded.

He took in George's seated form as best as he could with the table stuck between them. He was left in his tired white t-shirt and tight black jeans, feet bare and sockless where they rested against the hardwood floor.

He had three bets left in him. Stuck on a blind, Dream almost expected him to fold without looking.

"I'll bet my top."

Dream blinked at him, teeth scraping over the inside of his cheek to keep the surprise he felt at bay. And it all stuck tacky to the inner curve of his ribs, persistent when he breathed in slow.

George appeared nothing short of calculated, caution held yellow right down to his flat lips. The apples of his cheeks were tinted pink with remnants of something darker, a glowing hue to hide beneath scattered freckles.

"I'll just put two in," Sarnap muttered from the sidelines, pitching in just as he promised.  
"Dream?"

Silent, Dream added his second chip. They all took a look at their hole cards without a word to spare. Dream held two sevens between his fingers—already a better hand than he had last round—both red. He stared at them for another moment longer before they hit the flat surface of the table without a sound.

They all looked between each other for a moment, a silent proposition of "*ready?*" asked through eye contact. Sarnap dealt the flop when none of them said anything: ten of hearts, two of diamonds, seven of spades.

Three of a kind. *Score.*

Dream kept his inner victory silent, simple strategy painting his lips shut tight. As Sapnap set the deck of cards back down next to him, he rapped his knuckles against the table, *check*.

For once, Dream harbored a soaring confidence within him. It was enough to make the lines on his face run arrogant, a newfound cockiness to pump his lucky veins alight, so he slid two more chips into the center to double his bet.

“Raise.”

George didn’t call, still empty-handed. His shirt clung to the front of his chest with a wicked implication, and Dream barely caught the moment when unease flickered in the honey of his dark eyes.

The round spun back to Sapnap. He bit his lip for a moment, but with a surplus of chips left at his disposal, he added two more of them to the center in a match of Dream’s bet.

When the fourth card came—nine of diamonds—Sapnap knocked to check again. Dream, playing without mercy or regret, added another chip to the pool.

“Raise,” he said again, but with more vigor this time.

The bet passed by George again. But when it came to Sapnap, he shook his head, leaning back against his chair with a strained huff.

“Fold.”

Somehow, that managed to surprise Dream. And he watched as Sapnap pushed his hole cards aside into a newly-formed discard pile, taking the deck into his hand again while he waited to deal the final card.

Ever-curious, Dream looked across the table. George stared at the four cards in the center like he could will them all to change.

“George?” Dream prompted, startled by the sharpness in George’s turn of gaze.

He hummed, questioning, waiting for Dream’s next word. Without any kind of emotion aside from gently tipping question marks, Dream asked, “Do you fold?”

George pursed his lips for a moment. “No, I’ll stay in.”

It was probably the best play, considering what George had to lose: if he stayed in, he at least held a *chance* at keeping his clothes on. While Dream felt confident, George couldn’t read his mind or his hidden cards, and folding would damn him to taking his shirt off no matter what.

Sapnap dealt the river. Six of spades.

With all the cards laid out on the table, Dream looked up at George. Without anything to gain, he checked, and knew that George would have to follow suit.

That didn’t stop either of them from watching the other. With the way they sized each other up in poker-laden silence, it was clear that neither one of them wanted to show their hand first.

Dream knew that George would inevitably give in. He squirmed under Dream’s gaze, susceptible, picking his cards up off the table with shaking fingers and flickering eyes.

He dropped the ten of diamonds and three of clubs onto the table. "Pair of tens."

Dream smirked, cocksure. "Three of a kind."

His two sevens fell onto the table, high and victorious. Luck ran thick through the cobalt of his veins, honey-colored and sweet on his tongue. Momentary, George gaped at him, dark eyes drawing lines between all the cards on the table as if he didn't believe the arrogance in Dream's claim.

"You lose," Dream taunted, low in a whisper that crawled, a deep cadence to his timbre that sought to make George's skin prick.

Umber eyes rose from their place on the table. And they both stared at each other, waiting, the promise that came with their odds heavy-hung in the space between them. Pink lips shut tight in a snap, and George's cheeks turned to diamond suits beneath his skin, freckles falling prominent in a dust over his cheekbones.

Dream swept up the chips from the center and pushed them into his own pot. Unfocused, he knocked over most of his neat-placed stacks, but he wasn't paying the chips much mind anymore; they weren't what felt important.

He was too busy sizing George up, silence caught in a sick tangle. Red hearts turned in the depths of his eyes, and Dream fought with his own melting spades, fingers *tap-tapping* on the table without a silent call for check.

Nothing stayed the same. Slow, it all shifted, brought to difference by a silent *raise, raise, raise* put on by Dream's unfriendly gaze. Voyeuristic, he watched George's poker face come apart, unfolding with the flutter of fallen cards and a mark from shuffle laid against his palms.

It was mesmerizing. Dream didn't even have to say a word.

"Alright," Sapnap huffed, chair squeaking against the floor as he stood. "You two have fun, I'm going to bed."

And he flicked the well-used Dealer button towards Dream, who caught it beneath a claiming palm. With a quirk to his lips cast in George's direction, Dream muttered beneath his breath, "Night, Sap."

With a sigh, Sapnap made his way out of the dining room, a calm, "Good night," falling over his shoulder.

Uninterrupted, Dream kept his cocksure challenge up. George was queen of hearts headless, deathly far away on the other side of the table, eyes wide and splayed for every ounce of taking. Dream took, and took, and took until there was nothing left at the center, bets waged against him and a silence buzzing at his ears.

He gave an accusing glance to the shirt still covering George's chest, soft white dipped low. Facades cracked when a pink tongue laved over dangerous teeth, the carmine of his canines stuttering with flickered tokens and a rich, glistened gold.

"You *lost*," Dream reiterated, a venom-touched spit arcing over his words. "So strip, Georgie."

George's throat bobbed nervously, crested by the sharp edges that lined bright diamonds. Dream watched the motion, entranced, green eyes following the shift of alabaster skin in a rush.

But he did as he was meant to. Lithe fingers curled under the hem of a tired white t-shirt, shucking it off without the ease of someone who existed without being watched. For Dream was watching, attention unwavering and red, catching the moment when George's knuckles hit against the table in his clumsiness.

The fabric puddled on the floor beside George's chair. Pretty pale skin was left on display, unmarked and canvas-coded. Dream wanted everything about it, from the way a throat so sloped and perfect demanded heavy lips around it to the slim arc of a waist that needed to be held.

Verdant eyes raked over every last inch of skin. And George's whole body flushed, the pastel form of diluted heart-suit cards, a calm, dappled slipping down past his skin and over every last inch of him. Slow, slow, slow.

Dream watched him unfold with certainty, poker faces long gone in favor of gently parted lips and heaving breath. The tension in the air ran thick and heavy, the space between clubs on a ten card—small, unfathomable, appearing to grow smaller the longer Dream stared.

And he stared. Prying, cautious, and dark: he stared.

*Raise.*

Dream looked down at himself, a black t-shirt and blacker jeans staring back at him. With a hand full of invisible chips, he bet every last one of them with a huff to his breath. He didn't stammer, empty, the rush of his blood thick and heavy with all the red hearts in a deck of 52.

*All in.*

"Let's play another round," Dream offered, faux confidence running thin on the tip of his tongue. "I'll bet my shirt, you bet your pants."

An invisible tension set itself between them. George blinked, slow and lethargic, sparking red diamonds hidden from view. Silence stretched thin, and Dream watched the point where he feared it might break; careful, easy, like the fall of light cards.

"What?"

George's voice came in a stutter, and it only rallied the quick beat of Dream's heart. His chest ached with it, bloody, the spaces between his ribs oozing twisted red.

"Another round," Dream reiterated, reaching for all the cards where they lay in a mess across the table. "I'll deal."

George blinked at him again, his gaze prying and open. He seemed vulnerable, an appearance that paled in comparison to spades and dirty hands, implication hot at Dream's fingertips when the cards fell against his palms.

"And you're..."

The flit of quick cards ran noisy past Dream's hands. George's eyes crawled down his body and all the black cloth left to cover it.

"Okay."

His voice was meek. Juxtaposing, Dream grinned with a wicked intent, cunning lips splitting at the edges with the sharpness of flying cards. If he could throw them fast enough to split the air open,

he thinks he could stick them into anything.

And a tightened deck of 52 hit against the table with a deafening sound. Dream let himself grow infatuated with the way George flinched, arms bending in front of his bare chest as if he was afraid of something, and his gaze searched the chip-littered table until his starting hand lay in front of him, tantalizing.

Dream set a stack of 48 cards down beside his Dealer button. He sized George up once more, the silence of their *raise* falling on deafer ears; for a moment, neither man moved, and Dream watched the turn of a slot machine until every window came up empty.

“No blinds,” he said, surefire. “I’ll just deal.”

George nodded, careful and slow. He glanced at his starting hand as Dream laid three cards face-up at the center of the table: jack of spades, two of hearts, three of clubs.

When Dream looked to his own starting hand, he found a seven of diamonds and the queen of hearts.

Silence fell over them for a second. Dream found that it was strange to play poker when there was nothing to raise his bet with, no chips left at the center of the table and nothing to gain or lose.

There would be no point in folding, either. If he bit back, it would be the same as losing, and he’d be out his top without question.

So he dealt another card with little hesitation: six of diamonds.

He exchanged a glance with George. Their eyes were fleeting, gazes without stability, a twist of clubs and shredding cards handled in their wake. Dream watched the windows of a slot machine scroll, the quiet *tink, tink, tink* of metal growing slower the longer he waited.

A fifth card slipped through his fingers with ease. And as he set a deck of 46 down in front of him, the ten of diamonds made itself known.

Dream looked for the ease in George’s eyes again. Numbers were a blur past the windows to his soul, a steady promise of 777 waning with every passing second. The tension between them felt heavy enough to erase all hope of luck, nothing left to buzz between skin and bone but blood and pulsing arteries.

With a calm flick, Dream dropped his cards on the table. Falling to smooth hardwood, they slipped away from him, fanning out and away in every direction.

“High card, queen.”

He said it with that same practiced stoicism: a poker face that felt heavy on his lips, not enough confidence behind his freckles to call for a grin. As far as high cards went, he was doing pretty well, but high card was the worst poker hand to hold.

Dream let his confidence run thin. And he watched George’s poker face crack around the edges, a facade that fell apart with all the ease of a house of cards. He dropped his own starting hand against the table, the first signs of a smirk tugging life into his lips.

“High card,” he asserted, matching. “Ace.”

So his hand was *barely* better.

“You menace,” Dream grumbled, but he was already sliding forward in his chair.

George laughed, thick and cocky, the diamonds on his cheeks fading pale. Dream watched his lips unfold with curving fingers beneath the hem of his shirt, pausing in his intent just to give his friend a displeased look across the table.

“Don’t be a sore loser, Dream,” George taunted, a sing-song quality to his tone to go along with the smirk on his face.

Dream huffed. “I’m not.”

And he wasn’t. But even still, George chuckled, a hiss of laughter spilled through the grit to his teeth. Dream made another displeased sound before he pulled his shirt up over his head, dark fabric pooling on the floor where he dropped it without thought.

Shaking his head to rustle up his hair, Dream refocused to find George staring at him. All the arrogance in his face had disappeared completely, the carmine of straight-edged diamonds settling along the angles of his cheeks once more.

*It’s only bare skin*, Dream told himself, hypocritical. George stared at him like it was something more, though, like it didn’t start and end with the honey tones to his chest or the spaces above his collarbones that carved into his skin.

It wasn’t something that Dream could ever know; he wouldn’t ask, and he wasn’t a mind reader, every turn leaving him in ignorance while he waited. Bets ran as thin as his patience, thread-thick and suited for the space between pinched fingers, golden dollar signs and flashing sevens haunting the space behind his eyelids.

Dream could get drunk off the alabaster hue to George’s skin. He wondered if that was a mutual feeling, and he wondered if that was all there was to their push and pull that came with empty palms, staring each other down over the flat of polished wood sparked with cards.

Invisible chips scattered over a table neither one of them could see. Despite a losing hand still sitting in the space in front of them, Dream was buzzing with promised luck, and he pushed all the chips he didn’t have into the center with the rest of them.

*Raise*. There was always something more for him to chase.

“Another round?” he asked, a surefire tip to his question.

Wicked canines showed themselves behind pastel diamond lips. Dream tasted blood where there wasn’t any, a metal-spun coat dripping over the flat of his pink tongue.

“Sure.”

George’s voice pitched high over the lone syllable. Dream read it as patheticism to go with the color on his cheeks.

“Loser has to take their pants off,” Dream muttered, and he wasn’t sure if he was explaining it more to George or himself. “You’re okay with that?”

Eloquent as ever, George muttered, “Yeah.”

Dream flicked a well-branded button across the table, and it just barely managed to stop before it fell off the edge of the table. “You’re dealer.”



George cleared his throat, pointed, sitting up in his chair. "Right."

He gathered all the cards up in his lithe hands. Dream watched as his gaze became finicky, fingers shaking around the edges of the cards in his hand as he shuffled. The room was silent aside from their careful fall, thick paper scraping against itself as it all fell against his palms.

It all dealt too easy. Between two players and no bets, the cards fell right where they were meant to from George's claiming palms. He didn't bother to wait, buffer time non-existent, five cards on the table and two in front of each player before the seconds could slip too far.

Dream wondered why he acted like there was such a rush. But he still took in all the cards with a watchful eye, from the five on the table to the two he slid off the table to observe.

He held a seven and of hearts. On the table: ten of hearts, jack of diamonds, king of spades, three of hearts, eight of hearts.

*Jackpot.*

But Dream didn't let the victory show on his face just yet. He held his easy stoicism, poker face unrelenting where it kept his lips as flat as a new card's edge. George was just as emotionless, two cards held steady in his small hands.

Not a single word was spoken until they locked eyes. Hole cards were pulled in close to bare chests, and Dream tapped his fingers against the denim that clung to his legs with a promise to stay.

"Ready?" he asked, the questioning edge to the word barely showing itself.

George nodded, hesitance flickering behind his eyes. "Ready."

"Ladies first," Dream taunted, and he let the cocky grin make a home on his cutting lips.

George only scoffed, shaking his head as he dropped his cards onto the table. They fell without grace, and Dream watched them slip.

"Pair of jacks."

Pale arms crossed over a paler chest. Dream let his arrogance take the front of his existence, two cards falling from the grip behind his fingertips with all the same gracelessness as George's had.

"Flush," he started, prideful. "Hearts."

George blinked, empty. He seemed to look at all the cards on the table like he didn't believe a single word that fell from Dream's tongue, but sure enough, there were five heart cards staring up at the ceiling.

Under his breath and rich with disbelief, George whispered, "No."

That cocky grin on Dream's face only cut wider. And it made a home in the etched lines on his cheeks, freckles splitting at the grin until all the tan on his face glistened like gold.

"Oh, yes," Dream mocked, enthralled by the red spilling over the brunet's face. "You bet on those cards, Georgie, now you have to suffer the consequences."

That diamond blush spread down, down, down George's front. It made lines down his neck and throat to his collarbones, edging its way over his chest with a crawl that could be envied.

Dream almost wished it could be his lips making lines down George's skin, trailing bite marks that glow with the same red as the heart suit all the way down to his waistline.

"You really want me to take my pants off?" George questioned, a quiver to his tone despite the accusation he tried to hide in it.

Dream shrugged, nonchalant as ever. "It's only fair."

And it was noticeable, the way his breath stuttered, the need for poker faces fading away when all their feelings hit the table face-up. Dream wasn't sure if his lust was better made of darkened spades or neon hearts, but whatever it was, he knew it was too much for him to handle.

Pulses soared beneath his skin. And the space beneath his jawline seemed to hammer, a steady *tick, tick, tick* running by him like a roulette wheel slowing its roll.

Dream hadn't bet on anything.

George got up slowly, the scrape of his chair's legs against the hardwood floor loud enough to deafen them both. He stood on weak knees with trembling hands, deft fingers falling to his waistband with a lick of hesitation that couldn't go ignored.

It was a slow process, from untying the knot to his drawstrings to finally sliding the sweats down his legs, but George took the sorry hand he'd been dealt with little protest. He didn't say a word, not even once his pants were a puddle at his ankles, fists clenching and unclenching by his sides.

Green eyes watched with a little too much to be eager for.

He wore boxer-briefs that held his hips in a manner Dream couldn't ignore, tight cotton taking hold of pale skin. It was almost a shame when George slipped back into his seat, hiding nearly all of him from view, but Dream still had a perfect vantage point for all the blush on his cheeks.

Thin fingers danced over the Dealer button like they weren't sure what to think. Dream knew that George had nearly run out of things to bet, so he didn't say a word about another round, letting the other speak for himself and the fact that he wore next to nothing on his body.

There was too much to think about. The silence was heavy and daunting, too much to bet on and not enough room to bluff. George pulled his fiddling hand back to rest in his lap beneath the table's surface.

There was something Dream wanted from him.

That much was obvious from the way Dream looked across the table, all hunger and devilish greed. A reason behind everything, behind the way he told George to bet his clothes when he was all out of chips, behind his raising and reckless bets that all demanded *again, again, again*.

He might as well be addicted to the way cards fall. High and mighty, he sucks in a breath, words caught in the center of his throat.

Slow and imposing, a roulette wheel spun in Dream's head. "Get on your knees for me."

*Red, black, red, black.* Wicked and lust-laden, Dream bet on red.

"On my knees?" George questioned, weary-eyed and weak-voiced, though the red diamond color on his cheeks asked more questions than his tongue.

Dream nodded, slow and surefire. His blood rushed around his ears, relentless, though he kept his lips flat and eyes steady as if his limbs weren't on fire. A well-trained poker face met George's unsteady gaze, juxtaposing each other in a careful tandem.

Tanned fingers shook against jean-clad thighs. Dream steadied his breath as well as he could with his lungs on fire, soul left bitter on the tip of his tongue.

"Under the table," he asserted, cracking records behind his teeth. "On your knees."

Spinning dizzy and in time with the heavy beat of his heart, Dream watched the tick of the wheel. Slowly, George blinked, heavy lashes falling over dark eyes that could hide all the bluffs in the world.

*Tick, tick, tick.* It landed on 7.

"Okay."

*Red.* A shade of promising carmine stared Dream in the face, and all the bets he'd hedged came up the way he wanted them to. Nothing doubled, but it all swelled, and George was disappearing in entirety when he slid off the edge of his seat to hide beneath the table.

Dream held his breath. In truth, he'd never expected to get this far, no matter how arrogant and self-assured he'd sounded mere moments ago. He managed to hold his ground through the steady increase of his pulse, heavy like a hammer behind his skin.

When he looked down, he found that George had fit himself in the space between his spreading knees.

"Like this?" he questioned, sounding far too innocent for the position they were in.

And Dream watched as George's pupils spread wide enough to be mistaken for poker chips. A heavy breath rushed past his bitten lips, confirming nod feeble, but his words still bit against his tongue in all the right ways.

"Yes," he reassured, scarlet and sharp-edged. "Like that."

Implication was the only thing left between them. Dream had never told George to do anything aside from *get on his knees*, and here he was, in the position requested. And he stared up at Dream with the widest eyes, patience sliding through them in a bluff that couldn't offset.

Slowly, Dream threaded his fingers through George's hair. And his palm sat heavy atop his head, soft brunet trailing against his skin. George merely batted his eyelashes, feigning innocence to go with the white-knuckle grip he had on his own hands in his lap.

With the tick of a re-run roulette wheel, Dream asked, "Is this okay?"

George nodded as well as he could with his head held steady in Dream's grip.

"Please, Dream," he whined, high and in his throat. "Do whatever you want to me."

With a groan humming in the back of his throat, Dream pulled George's head forward until his face was buried between his legs. Another dulcet whine left George's lips, lithe hands shifting to take hold of Dream's clothed thighs, and he pressed forward into the space he was held to.

Plush heart lips spread open, the flat of George's tongue laving over the denim covering Dream's

cock. Dream couldn't feel anything but a soft pressure, the rush of breath that left his lungs more startled than anything.

"Tell me if you need me to stop," he instructed, fingers tightening in their hold on brunet hair.

Another high whine sounded in George's throat, confirming. He pushed forward with more vigor, flicking his tongue over rough denim before he reeled back entirely. Spit dripped over the curve of his bottom lip, careful and glistening, a filthy intent behind his eyes that came with more than just recklessness.

And it was those pale hands that moved first, reaching for the buckle of Dream's belt. He moved without patience, pulling until the *click* became obvious and discarding the offending leather onto the floor by Dream's feet.

*Raise*, and Dream blinked, for there was nothing left to bet for. *Raise*. It was all the want for more, more, more; George's soft heart lips parted with a promise, quiet pants in heavy breath falling from the tip of his tongue.

Dream checked when his cock was pulled from the confines of his tight jeans. Cool air rushed across his hot skin, half-hard and tantalizing, and George looked up at Dream as if asking for confirmation.

Dream figured he would be insane to deny himself his darkest fantasy.

"Are you sucking my cock or what?"

The words listed harsh and flat-edged, their scarlet endeavor unbridled by design. And he watched George's cheeks turn the dark color to match, freckles standing out against tinted skin that pitched deep enough to match the spread of his careful lips.

Wordless in answer, George took the head of Dream's cock into his mouth. And his eyes slipped shut with a desperate hum, sounds falling quiet through closed lips that dared to take, take, *take*.

His mouth was just as Dream had known it would be: wet and unfavorably hot. It was nothing short of perfection between those heart-soft lips, and Dream would always want with a hunger that bordered on animalistic.

From the sinful look of his stretched pink lips to the unfair feeling, Dream would never get enough of it, and he could only hope that the weight on George's tongue was enough to satisfy his unholy craving

One of his pale hands wrapped around the base of Dream's cock, slim fingers circling. He swallowed, more, more, *more*, a gag rising up the back of his throat with a warning that would go unheeded.

A low groan tore through Dream's teeth when George's throat tightened, cock hardening in full between George's straining lips that dripped spit down his chin. He pulled off with the run of his flat tongue and an obscene *pop* when his lips tugged free, tongue hanging out against his teeth with a trail of spit tying him to the head of Dream's cock.

"Fuck, George," Dream muttered, the hand still sitting pretty in brunet hair twisting gently.

George whined at the sensation, hand tightening in its hold around Dream's cock. He let Dream tug his head forward, lips falling against the head of his cock in a sinfully wet slide, the heat of his tongue dragging over a weeping bead of precum.

Dream made another sound, bordering on pathetic, but he upheld his in-control appearance with all the steady confidence of a practiced poker face. Verdant eyes glinted, perhaps a mere trick of the light, and he didn't take any bluffs with the bite or his ivory teeth against diamond-cut lips.

"Open," he commanded, smooth without deniability.

He reveled in how quick George was to oblige, jaw slipping open with a barely-there *click* and a wicked tongue. It took no more instruction for George to wrap his lips around Dream's cock again, tightening impossibly with a hum to make his skin tingle in all the right ways.

Tanned fingers tightened in dark hair, a gentle pull to drag his lips down further and further still. He took it without question, whimpering in the back of his throat, eyes slipping shut to do nothing but take, take, take. Plush heart lips tinged redder even still, slick with spit and a wicked promise that ran deeper than shielded teeth.

Careful, he dragged his lips back up the length of Dream's cock, tongue holding in a devilish curve that would tip to swirl when it reached the head. George's mouth was so *soft*, angelic in paradoxical sin without the tight edge given to playing cards. Bloody diamonds split open across his cheeks, roseate speckles living along his skin.

He was a pretty, pretty sight. And Dream was already on the brink of tipping over, lost to the careful scarlet of the boy between his knees and all the promise he hid between his bluffing lips. Poker faces fell into obscurity, lashes batted in faux innocence that could only trick Dream into groaning.

Even with all his chips on the table, his mind cried out *all in, all in, all in*. When George's lips touched his curved fingers at the base of Dream's cock, he didn't know what else was left to bet.

Ever the reckless gambler, Dream found a way to raise.

"Get up," he commanded, tugging gently on George's hair. "I'm fucking you."

George's lashes fluttered, another high sound slipping from his throat. He pulled off of Dream's cock with an obscene *pop*, lips splayed open as he stared up at Dream with token-wide pupils. Breaths came heavy and spent, skin flushed down his neck with rufescent card suits.

The hands still resting on Dream's thighs slipped away as he stood up, dark eyes following his face up until he stopped. Dream stared down at where George still sat on his knees, swollen lips parted over a filthy promise to go with his empty hands.

"Now?" he queried, voice scratching through his throat.

"Now," Dream asserted, beckoning George to stand. "Get up, sweetheart."

Stumbling, George rose to his feet. And his voice was weak but his knees were weaker, all but falling into Dream where he stood. Dream held him by the forearms, pulling him in closer still, all the bets he made coming back to him as worth it the closer George's lips got to his own.

Their kiss was waged on inevitability.

It was like they were always meant to end up like this: half-dressed in their shared dining room with lips that couldn't move fast enough. It's as if Dream was trying to *devour* George, faulting to lustful violence when there were no rounds left to play. He took, and he took, and he took so long as George would let him—and he let him, giddy and rising to his toes.

Clumsy, teeth knocked against tongues, and Dream outran himself with the shift of claiming hands to match the vigor behind his tongue. His palms landed below George's waist, gripping as if there was something to take away, and he folded in Dream's arms with a pathetic whine slipped between tied-together lips.

And when Dream had tasted enough red hearts on card-white teeth to hold him over, he split away with the obscenity of spit-slick lips. Their breath mixed in the shrinking space between them, tan hands easing their ruthless hold.

"I want to fuck you so *bad*, George," he panted, trailing his lips along the line to George's jaw. "You have no idea how long I've been waiting for this."

Rich kisses drag along George's skin, the spaces between ruthless hearts scoring alabaster. Dream let his teeth skate along George's jaw just to hear his breath hitch, pulling his body impossibly closer until they were all but melting into each other.

"Can't be as long as I have," George retorted, breathless. "There's lube in my room," he hit Dream's arm lightly, panting, "don't make me wait any longer."

With a final flick of his tongue against pale skin, Dream pulled back. "Your room?"

"Bedside table," George huffed, laughter on his lips. "I'll fall if you make me go."

Dream stole another kiss from George's heart-made lips, savoring the hum on his lips that split him back open again. He tucked himself away with a fleeting hand, fingertips dragging over his weeping cock enough to make him groan. With all the grace of a collapsing house of cards, Dream let George's weight fall into the edge of the table, breathless in command.

"Wait here."

George whined, hands falling down to his side. "Hurry, Dream."

And what kind of cruel devil would Dream be to deny that?

He found his way to George's room in the dark, lights turned off everywhere but the room he'd come from. There was scarcely enough moonlight seeping through the windows for him to find his way to the nightstand, drawer spilling open with a rustle that stood as a testament to how full it was. Grappling, he found what felt like a bottle of lube, half-empty and a little well-loved.

Dream didn't want to think about the image—George, face buried in his pillows with three fingers past his rim—he feared it would drag him astray. With a spaded curse falling dark from his lips, Dream rushed out of the bedroom without bothering to shut the drawer.

Exactly as Dream had left him, George waited. He looked harder than ever, cock still trapped behind the thin cotton of his boxer-briefs, a carmine heart flush still left on his cheeks to rival all the red on the table behind him. Lube in hand, Dream found his way back in front of him, a hand falling to his waist with gentle fingers and biting teeth.

"How do you want me?" George asked, breathless, diamond-sharp canines grazing against his skin.

Dream answered exactly as he'd imagined it. "Bent over the table."

George's responding swallow was audible, heartbeat picking up in the hidden tangle to his veins. Dream let himself grin against the corner of George's throat, pushing with a resting hand in a way that encouraged a turn.

When George spun to face the table, he was met with a mess of forgotten poker chips and unkempt cards. Dream didn't pay them any mind, though, laying his palm between George's shoulder blades and pushing until his chest was flat against the table. Stray chips stuck to his skin, a playing card nestled along the v of his waist, but it only elicited a whimper from George's swollen lips.

Without a beat of hesitation, Dream curved his fingers beneath the waistband to George's underwear and tugged them down to his ankles. They fell unceremoniously to the floor, leaving George exposed and vulnerable in his position. He was left completely on display, hands laying against the table above his head with nothing to grab for but poker chips and playing cards.

Kicking the boxer briefs around his ankles away, George spread his feet just a touch farther apart. Dream stared down at him, coaxed in by a silent raise. He still held the bottle of lube in his hand, warming with the heat of his palm. It only took a second for Dream to move, breath a rush on his lips when his mind played with straight edges.

It uncapped with a satisfying *click*. George twitched as if he knew that sound.

Lube coated three of Dream's fingers slick, hot skin and cold translucency pressing against George's rim without a second to catch his breath. A tense silence settled between them, something akin to watching poker faces over the tops of held cards when blinds were already set to the center. Again, it was almost as if they were sizing each other up, bodies unmoving and waiting for something to shift.

Bets were not made in silence.

"*Please, Dream,*" George whined, squirming where he laid against the table.

With an easy grin on his face, Dream obliged. He only started with the tip of his index finger, sinking in slow and lax. He savored the resistance he was met with, a tight heat around the digit that didn't feel like easing up. Twisting, the motion just as slow as the rest of it, he made enough of a drag to elicit a whimper.

It was probably better than he'd imagined it to be. George squirmed like he couldn't take the pace, rising up on his tiptoes to push his hips back against the lone finger. Malicious, Dream reeled back to match George's surge, refusing to give him what he wanted even when he mewled so desperately.

"Easy, George," Dream muttered, pressing his free hand flat against George's lower back to keep him steady. "I'm in control."

Another whimper fell against the flat of the table, a red to match the cards. Dream grinned wider, unseen and devilish, but he twisted his finger at a sharper pace to please George. The sounds that left his throat were nothing short of sinful, but they were everything Dream wanted right then, and he chased them with that same agonizing pace he'd started with.

He didn't twist quite far enough or push in as much as he could, but he still found the trained looseness of George's rim around his finger as he moved. And as resistance went away, George grew increasingly more desperate, squirming with less patience than before.

"More," he whimpered, muffled and spit-slick.

Teasing, Dream paused for a moment, the quirk to his diamond lips just as sharp as their edges. "More?" he taunted, pressing the tip of his middle finger against George's rim. "Like this?"

The whine he got in response could've been enough on its own. "*Yes, like that, please.*"

Despite the corner of his mind that called *check, check, check*, Dream raised. And two became one just to hear the way George moaned around the intrusion, the heady resistance returning as if it had never left. Careful with intent, Dream spread his fingers, savoring the feeling of George coming apart beneath his hands.

In tandem, he felt himself come apart, too. And he pulled his hand off George's back when he couldn't take it anymore, tugging his cock back out and wrapping a hand around it. A hiss spilled through his teeth at the touch, treading far too close to the line of desperacy without the will to bet it all.

And Dream tugged at his own cock at the same pace he fingered George open, allowing his pace to fall closer to *quick* when he couldn't take it himself. With a twist to make George whine and a thumb gliding over the head of his leaking cock, Dream bit his tongue, blood rushing everywhere it could beneath his skin when George's fists clenched around nothing.

"Just one more," Dream huffed, and he wasn't sure if it was directed more at himself or at George.

Either way, he sank his third finger in alongside the other two, grip tightening around his cock on the downstroke. And George's fingers curled where there was still nothing to grip, messy piles of poker chips shifting when his hips knocked against the table. With parted lips and unsteady breath, Dream turned hasty, a stark comparison to the way he'd been taking his time so intentionally before.

George didn't complain, though. He laid across the table with hips shifting back to meet Dream's fingers, three digits spreading apart from each other with intent to stretch. Dream's heart still pounded like this was a gamble, as if the dice in his hand hadn't already landed him lucky and he wasn't three fingers past George's rim some place other than his dreams.

It was enough, *this was enough*, and Dream had to hurry up before he came all over his hand without ever getting what he really wanted. His fingers slipped free with an obscene sound, and there was nowhere to wipe them dry but the sides of the jeans that barely clung to his hips.

An eager hand reached for the previously discarded bottle of lube, and Dream slicked up the length of his cock with ease. With his attention cast down to George, he could see when he twisted his neck to glance over his shoulder, wide eyes staring over the heart-tinted bridge of his nose with a search that couldn't go ignored.

"*Dream*," George whined, impatient.

And Dream found his place behind George, one hand on his hip and the other on his own cock. Meeting George's eye, he spoke through parted lips, something like danger sparking behind his eyes.

"Ready?" he asked, pulse thrumming below his jaw.

Another high-strung sound fell from George's lips. "Please don't be gentle."

As far as requests went, that would be easy to oblige. Even still, Dream started slow, sinking his cock in past George's rim with a tantalizing drag that made him whimper. And George let his head fall back against the table with a quiet sound, fingers bent and grappling against the smooth top of the table.

When he was fully seated inside of George, Dream paused for a moment just to be evil. And the grin still sat pretty on his lips where he left it, sharpened by a scarlet touch. He held George



beneath both his hands—one on his hip and the other flat against his back—enough of a cover to feel the way he shook with the touch and a promise of something more, more, *more*.

Patience waned for both of them at the exact same time. And Dream would start small out of habit, thrusting without much of himself and not enough harshness to shake the table. George still whimpered, though it may have been more dissatisfied than pleased, hips rolling backward as if to coax Dream into a higher bet.

“Harder,” he muttered, half-muffled where his face was pressed down against the table.

Really, Dream should’ve expected the word to slip from his lips so soon. It was not as soft or gentle as his heart-made lips would have Dream think, all lewd obscenity and certain sin. But it was still a request he was eager to fulfill, hips snapping with increased vigor and the collision of his hip bones against the plush of George’s ass.

Every thrust was a more than desirable drag along the length of Dream’s cock, a tight resistance returning to him where George held him like a vice. The pressure built between both of him, and Dream could already feel where he was losing grip, but he withheld even if only for the sake of his own pride.

The world felt faster than the turn of a roulette wheel, breaths heavier than rich pockets and the room louder than a busy casino. Dream let himself go faster, faster, *faster*, chasing the dulcet sounds on George’s lips in his vigor and the bite of red-heart cards.

It was as if George had never learned to hold his tongue, a myriad of spit-out curses and desperate moans spilling out of him with every motion. He was just as heavenly as he was hellish, a mess of falling cards beneath Dream’s claiming hands and the slide of his cock buried inside him.

The table shook beneath them, poker chips falling from their piles and sliding across the flat surface. Playing cards weren’t meant to sit still, either, the motion of everything within Dream’s sight only urging him to go harder still. He wanted to watch everything shift at the mercy of his movement, from the way George trembled beneath his palms to how close those poker chips teetered to the edge of the table.

“Feel good, baby?” Dream taunted, absolute, and he could feel all his calls and raises building pressure at the center of his throat.

Voices ran thin. George’s went scratchy, more spent than it was already and spun out on desperate whines. Everything about him demanded all the more Dream couldn’t give, and for once, he was left short of chips on his side of the table. Perhaps they had all fallen to the floor, plastic knocking against hardwood with a skitter that couldn’t be chased.

Something that may have sounded like “*so good*,” fell without eloquence from George’s lips, an answer that would be drowned out by the mighty fall of discarded poker chips. They fell from the table as they moved, forgotten cards not far behind, and Dream gave another thrust in heavy vigor as the heel of his palm dug into George’s back.

“Close, ‘m close,” George whimpered, spent like he meant every ounce of it.

And it was enough desperacy to pull Dream out with him, ragged breath on his tongue. He fucked into George with everything in him, rough and merciless, the shake of the table beneath them a testament to their roughness. It was nearly as intoxicating as all the sounds ricocheting between the walls, obscenity thick and red where it lived in the air around them.

George was only sounding more and more desperate with every passing second, whines stretching thinner and thinner the longer he held himself back. His hands had turned to fists against the table above his head, blunt nails digging into the flesh of his palms without relent.

“Cum, George,” Dream commanded, voice nearly as spent as George’s. “Cum for me.”

Dream could tell that George had come when he turned pliant beneath his touch, tightening around his cock for a moment too long. His cum dripped against the table his cock had been pinned against, filthy by design but in the moment—so, so hot.

Bankrupt and far too close to folding, Dream all but fell against George’s body, lips carving names over the freckles on his shoulder with a slide that persisted. And he came inside of George with a moan that sounded just like his name, syllables muffled by the mash of lips against skin and heavy lust.

The room fell quiet after that, table no longer shaking and sounds reserved to heavy breath. A playing card was still stuck to George’s waist, poker chips scattered across the floor to every corner they’d rolled off to.

Dream was content to stay right where they were, a messy pile on top of each other, for as long as the world would let them. Sevens sparked behind his eyes when they shut, and he reveled in the scent of sweat on George’s skin to go with his tired breath.

He’d bet it all on George, and right then, he felt luckier than ever.

## End Notes

ask sapnap where he bought his headphones they must be incredible huh

anyways follow me [on twitter](#) if you don't already :)

(yes the title is a fall out boy song)

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